

A NEW-YEARS GIFT FOR THE WHIGS:

Or, A True Relation of Threescore *Presbyters* (Foot and Horse) that surprized Two of the Kings Guards in their beds, at an Inn seven Miles from *Edenborough*, Cutting all the Flesh off their bodies till they were Dead, and carried the pieces to their *Respective Friends*, and there burned them in Contempt of God and their King.

Tune of, *Then then to the Duke let's fill up the Glass.*



Great Souls that are free from Faction, rejoyce,
and stand on y'r guard for y'r Country & King
Observe the success of *Papillion*, *Daboice*,
of *Welsh* and *Cornish*, and *Tony's* black String;
Pelton and *Colledge*, and Young Horned Dotage,
see how some are hang'd, and the rest run away;
let this be a warning, to *Whigs* rigid scorning,
who choose to be *Damn'd* rather than to Obey.

II.

Yet still with the *Scotch* they dare to Conspire,
the *Dutch* are not idle the *French* to send o're;
The Scum of the Country from *France* do retire,
to support the Old-Cause, come to breed on our
(Shore;
To joyn with the *Dutch* or the *Whigs* of our Nation,
must be the Design of those *Presbyter* Saints;
Toth' ruine of our trade they have made an invasion
pretence of *Religion* protects their false Cants.

III.

Whigs constant to nothing, but treason and change,
o're-charging their *Noddles* with notions of States
With *Trimming* reflections on loyal *L'Estrange*,
more profligate Villains ne'r p'cept thru' a Grate;
let *Oats* be remember'd, ten thousand times perjur'd,
and keep the *Beast* chained, until the next Term;
And then through a Casement, toth' *Whigs* great
amazement,
and next Sessions after he'l *Tyburn* adorn.

IV.

The *Scotch-Covenanters* to rouse up our *Knaves*,
hath given us a Signet, as they did before;
When the *Bishops* brains against the Coach-Nails
they dash'd out, to shew what a God they adore;
Byth' light of the Spirit, some sixty in number,
surpriz'd in their beds two of the Kings Guards
Alive legg and limb they cut 'um afunder,
by *Tea* and *Nay*, *Brother*, they merit reward;

V.

with the flesh on the points of their swords they retie
in Triumph, cry'd, This is the work of the *Lord*;
For this holy murder byth' Saints we were Hir'd,
Gend' faith the next time let 'um stand on their guard;
Had they been the King & the Duke, we had glory
and a Thanksgiving-day had been hum'd in our Kith;
For their blood we do thirst, but their name we shun
for we worship no King, but the De'el and the Tur.

VI.

And thus they dispers'd with the blood of their prey
in hopes of a better next time they do meet;
This is the Religion our Saints hopes to sway,
in murder and plunder thinks nothing more sweet;
But God bless the King, the Duke and the Dutches
for the Royal line let's Fight to maintain
Gainst all that upon the Prerogative touches,
conclude with this Health, let *Charles* ever Reign.

FINIS.